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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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The Same Old Dilemma

In ordering a reduction of freight rates on grain, grain products and hay carried by the Western roads, the Interstate Commerce Commission faced a painful dilemma. Two unfortunate economic groups were involved—the carriers and the Western farmers. The latter are suffering from a disproportionate shrinkage in the value of agricultural products. The railroads are suffering from a vast overloading of their operating account by the defunct Federal Railroad Administration. The commission has a duty under the law to both these groups—to give the agricultural producers just and reasonable shipping rates and to permit the carriers to make a fair and reasonable return on their property. The commission says:

> "Summarizing the situation before us, petitioners speak for a basic industry which the evidence shows is in a state of financial prostration, receiving for its products prices which approach, and in some cases have fallen below, pre-war levels, but paying transportation costs, many of which are still at the war-time peak. On the other hand, the evidence shows with equal clarity that respondents are likewise suffering from financial depression and that their net earnings have been far below the standard which has been fixed by the law, although the tendency is now upward."

The commission did what was natural enough under the circumstances. It ordered relief for the farmers and suggested that the carriers seek their relief through a further reduction of inflated railroad wages. But here is the tragic weakness of the present two-sided scheme of Federal control. The Interstate Commerce Commission cannot reduce wages so as to offset the losses caused by reduced rates. The carriers must go with their petitions to another body, the Railroad Labor Board, which doesn't work in coordination with the commission and is not bound by what the commission does.

The board recently reduced railroad wages and has been urging the carriers ever since to transmute that reduction into lower freight rates. The commission now orders lower rates, yet at the same time recognizes their injustice, so far as the railroads are concerned, and recommends compensation for them in the shape of further wage reductions.

Since wages and rates are interdependent, both ought to be regulated by the same agency. The Esch-Cummins law has set up a divided responsibility and permits two separate bodies to approach what is really a single problem from widely divergent points of view.

It may be, as the commission suggests, that the roads will be helped eventually by a return to normal traffic conditions so far as rates are concerned. But it is equally important and only plain justice to them that there shall be a return to normal in operating costs as well as in rates.

New York in Strike Time

In the event of a railroad strike motor cars of all kinds could bring in vast quantities of the perishable supplies which must be new every day. There is, however, some mockery in dwelling upon the potential efficiency of motor service in place of railroads. From the north and east such service could doubtless be effective, but from the west there would be much difficulty. No matter how many thousands of motor vehicles were pressed into service, they could not reach this city excepting by ferry; and the ferries are few and their capacity is limited. Even now they are greatly congested, and if there were thrown upon them any considerable increase of vehicular traffic they would be unable to meet the demand; provided always that they were not involved in the strike and tied up.

The threat of a strike emphasizes, therefore, the need of a capacious vehicular roadway connecting this city with New Jersey, and thus making New York independent of railroads and ferries alike. Such a roadway must, doubtless, be through a tunnel, if it reaches the down-town region. A bridge has attractions, but in many respects it is archaic, and seems possible only well up town. For the great volume of business traffic down town, which is, of course, the chief concern in case of a strike or other blockade, dependence must be upon a tunnel.

Work on one, happily, has now been started, and the next few years should see it completed and put to use. The interests and welfare of the metropolis require that this shall be done as expeditiously as possible and that the tunnel shall be as capacious and as well ventilated as human ingenuity and skill can make it.

Speaking for Himself

Professor George B. McClellan, of Princeton University, has ideas as to where lodges the potency of newspapers as influencers of public opinion. He says that it lodges in the headlines—that the arguments made and the facts given in editorials are futile.

Professor McClellan, a supporter of Hylan, is, it would seem, true to form. As a gentleman who long enjoyed the favor of Tammany Hall he naturally assumes that the way to get elected is to deceive the public. And, of course, it is easier to falsify in quick headlines than in editorial articles, which are necessarily more extended.

But does Professor McClellan exactly say what he means? His real point is that accurate headlines are neutral. They must be crooked and colored headlines, which, pretending to tell truths, are in fact telling lies, that he holds are influential. To Professor McClellan may be left the business of drawing the conclusion that the whole art of politics consists in successfully cajoling the public. It would be unkind for another to analyze further.

A man who has been in politics of course speaks of politics as he knew and practiced it. Yet it is strange that one who has been able to become a member of the faculty of an institution of learning is apparently not acute enough to perceive the implications of his statement—that he says, in effect, that if Hearst sufficiently asserts the untrue in the headlines and news columns of his newspapers the facts about Hylan are of no consequence; and Hylan can count on the deceived to elect him. Happily there are citizens not as stupid as professors think all are.

Where the Banner Waved

Fort McHenry, at Baltimore, is to be sold to the highest bidder. So is to end the official history of one of the forts built in the first years of the Republic.

In the War of 1812 the fort rendered valiant service in defending Baltimore, beating off an attack by Admiral Cochrane, of the British navy, and standing up against a heavy bombardment for forty-eight hours. It was during this defense that Francis Scott Key, a captive on a ship of war in the harbor, looked out by the dawn's early light on the morning of September 14, 1814, and saw the star-spangled banner still waving over Fort McHenry.

The fort took its name from James McHenry, who was a surgeon in the Revolutionary War and served as one of Washington's private secretaries. Later he was a member of Lafayette's staff. General Washington was so impressed with McHenry's abilities that in 1794 he made him Secretary of War, which position McHenry held with credit until the end of the Administration of President Adams. McHenry, who had known Hamilton intimately and had served with him on Washington's staff in the war, became a strong partisan of his during the Administration of Adams, and sided with Hamilton against the President in the feud in the Federalist party between Hamilton and Adams. His position was a difficult one, rendered no easier by Adams's somewhat choleric disposition.

This feud finally wrecked the Federalist party and McHenry retired to private life in Baltimore, to be known to posterity by his services to the army and by the fort named after him.

It is reported that the government has stipulated in the sales contract that a plot be reserved in the fort for the erection of a monument to Francis Scott Key. McHenry will evidently have to be content with the fort itself as his monument. And while it is a pity that the property is passing out of the hands of the Federal government, it is hoped and expected that Baltimore will take it over and preserve it as one of the most interesting relics of early American history.

How Wayback Beats New York

In the City of New York, which has about 6,000,000 inhabitants, the School Board is appointed by and is subject to the control of the political government. The appropriations for support of the schools are dictated by the political officials of the city and are subject to manipulation for partisan purposes. Any peddling little manikin of a Mayor can starve the schools and wreck the educational system of the city to promote his own ambitions.

This is not the system established in most of America. The prevailing practice is for the school to be entirely separate from and independent of the political government. The School Board is elected by the people at a special election, and it prepares the school budget and the people directly or indirectly vote the appropriations. In Wayback County the Township Committee, which is the general political governing body, has no more to say about the appropriations or the building of schoolhouses or anything else connected with the school system than have any citizens, such as Zeb Hicks's hired man.

In New York scores of thousands of children are without seats in school, are on part time or are otherwise deprived of the educational facilities which the Constitution and laws guarantee them. In Wayback County there is a seat for every child on full time every day.

In some not unimportant particulars Wayback County appears to be at least a huckleberry and a half ahead of the City of New York. But then it hasn't a little Hylan in the house.

Diplomatic Privilege

John Barleycorn's body may molder in the grave, but his mendacious spirit still sneaks on. It approaches the porches of the ear and whispers the tale, as distressing to the wets as to the drys, that the diplomats coming to Washington are bringing cellars along. With calculated callousness lists are given of the beverages—of the Bordeaux, of Burgundys and champagnes that are straw clad for a journey—and of casks of ordinary vin rouge and vin blanc, once so well known to the members of the A. E. F.

It is hardly necessary to deny such stories. Distinguished foreigners, even though they can give the three-mile limit the laugh, never abuse a privilege. If there is liquid baggage it consists of bay rum or toilet water. In America the diplomats will do as Americans do, of course. When they publicly dine they will demurely stick to lemonade and grape juice. In the privacy of their own quarters, behind the shelter of the Fourth Amendment, the visitors may again do as many Americans do; but there will be no reporters officially present, and what is not known is often as if it never happened.

This correctness of behavior will be made not only in deference to American law but also to an active French minority. For prohibition has raised its head in France. Recently a well known professor there was bold enough to attack the deeply rooted French belief that a glass of wine is necessary for the proper digestion of a meal. He also challenged the assumption that the white and red children of the wine press won the war. He was heretical enough to declare that wine has not made France, any more than coffee made Arabia or tea made China. Not to the great drink which the poilus variously called "aromon" or "pinard" or "electrique" does he ascribe the Teutons' inability to pass.

That the professor is not altogether a joke is indicated by the remark of the serious Paris "Temps," which never jokes, that if what he says is true the delegation to Washington can do the work without bibulous preparedness, as it were. But perhaps the "Temps" will think differently should some delegate fall a victim to the lure of the bootlegger and forthwith proceed to shoot up the conference. The voltage of hooch is high and the French temperament may not be sufficiently insulated.

The Woman Traveler

The announcement that the new Grace Dodge Hotel for women in Washington is to be equipped with cribs, high chairs and apparatus for heating the midnight bottle is only another indication of how this man-made world is gradually adapting itself to the demands of the modern woman.

It is more than fifty years since the minister's wife from Kansas, elected delegate to the first suffrage convention, wrote to Susan B. Anthony that she could not go without the baby, and "Aunt Susan" immediately sent a check for $25 to pay the expenses of baby and colored mammy for the occasion.

However, it was not until the war brought hundreds of women to the capital on errands of life and death that any one paid much attention to the peculiar problems of the woman traveler. Since then the continuing influx of women politicians, women tourists and women in need of assistance from the government has convinced the Young Women's Christian Association that the greatest need of Washington was a hostelry where women of moderate means could find the special conveniences which their slim purses demand. The Grace Dodge Hotel is the result.

The great hotels of the nation have within the last few years begun to provide luxuries for women. Peacock alleys, electric curling irons and cabinets of cold cream are now almost as inevitable as cuspidors, and any woman able to pay the price can command a marcel or a massage or a maid to button her gown. But the great hotels waste little thought on conveniences for the poor woman, and it is chiefly the poor woman who travels alone. A pressing room where the stenographer in search of a job can freshen her best blouse after its journey, and a nursery where the war widow can leave her baby in the care of a responsible nurse, are just as important in the scheme of things as onyx lobbies and winter strawberries.

October Football Skirmishes

October football skirmishes indicate some complex and hectic results in the big football month of November. Interest in this section last Saturday centered in the dramatic battle between the Army, straying for the first time in many years from its own reservation, and Yale. The Bulldog team showed symptoms of having become reconciled to modern football and beat the Army handily.

At Palmer Stadium Princeton played an intersectional game with Chicago University and was beaten by a somewhat ponderous team playing straight, old-fashioned football. Experts are lugubrious over the result, following the defeat of Princeton by the Navy on the Saturday previous. The interest in the intersectional game was not to be compared with the interest in the Yale-Army game, as indicated by the attendance.

To the football followers in this vicinity certain fixed games appeal more strongly than the more or less academic question as to whether Western football is up to the Eastern standards or not. If a mere game settles this question, then the Westerners may claim superiority on the strength of the clean-cut victory of Chicago. They may claim it. That is all. Harvard spent Saturday playing a hard-fought tie with Penn State.

Gauging the strength of the teams for November, when ancient rivalries are to be settled, from the October skirmishes is an impossible task. Weight counts, sheer strength counts and training counts greatly; but in the new game there is an element of chance that may upset all expert calculations. This is what makes the new game more interesting to the spectator and the player.

The Stronger Union

Railroad Brotherhoods or the Nation?—Question Must Be Answered

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The whole country is now stirred by a simple question, to which the answer is simple. Largely by the efforts, not to say demands, of the railroad labor unions, the railroads are now regulated by government. Rates and wages are fixed not by but for them. Lately a reduction of wages was decreed. The railroad labor unions now say: "Give that up or we will strike, and stop travel and transportation on all roads." One can easily imagine what they would say were the shoe on the other foot—an increase of wages, the railroads saying: "Give that up, or we will lock you out, and stop all travel and transportation." In their view, regulation means only decision for them.

The simple question is what to do about it. The simple answer is to fight out now the whole theory, purpose and effort—a government of the labor unions, by the labor unions and for the labor unions, enactments by them and enforcement by strike. It is safe to say that no such idea of government ever entered Lincoln's mind.

The danger has steadily grown by repeated instances of yielding to just such demands, or rather orders. Each surrender has made labor more confident, and its confidence has bred more arrogance. The one and only thing now is a resolute "Thus far"—not shalt, but—"hast thou come, but no further. It is time that surrender came from you, and not from the rest of the nation."

Who shall say this? The country is trying to say it, but it should be said by some voice that can speak for all. Many a year ago Cleveland said something under like circumstances that should never be fogotten: "If it takes the whole United States army to deliver a postal card in San Francisco it will be delivered." Let Harding now make a statement, meant for the nation, but addressed to the unions: "You say that to enforce a lawless demand you will, so far as you can, not only paralyze all business, but, if possible, starve the country into surrender once more. You have the power to strike. So has the nation. If you strike, we will now settle once for all whether your union or the national Union is the bigger and stronger. You have raised the black flag. It must and shall come down."

GEORGE A. STRONG.

New York, Oct. 21, 1921.

"Muscle Shoals"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial in to-day's issue on the succulent bivalve known as the mussel prompts me to call your attention to the fact that the name of the famous shoals on the Tennessee River, known for more than a century as the Mussel Shoals, is being mistakenly rendered by many American newspapers and I have a horrible fear that it is also being miscalled by the United States government. In every reference that I have seen during the last six months to the government nitrate plant its habitat has been given as M-u-s-c-l-e Shoals. Geographical accuracy calls for the correction of this curious and also mischievous little error.

W. T. HORNADAY.

New York, Oct. 21, 1921.

The Royal Influence

(From The Providence Journal)

With all the boasted democracy of New York City, the fate of the rival municipal candidates on Election Day next month will depend very largely on Kings and Queens.

The Conning Tower

THIS SIDE OF PARADISE

(Being C. A. L.'s lyrical setting of the Fitzgerald novel)

Come and pet me honey,
You're a bunny, you're the money,
Shake a wicked knee.
Jazz it up, you flapper;
You're a dapper little snapper,
You belong to me.
Let me kiss those baby lips
Sweetened by some whiskey sips
Ain't it grand,
Nice and damned?
Listen to the band! Oh!

CHORUS

It's the college rag,
(Spill a line of highbrow chatter.)
It's the college jag.
(But it really doesn't matter.)
Huddle me and cuddle me and hold me tight;
Razzle me and dazzle me with main and might.
Spend the dough,
Don't be slow,
Come on, bun, let's go!
O, those college days!
(How alarming to our maters.)
O, those college ways!
(How alarming to our paters.)
Bunny, look into my eyes,
Bunny, there's a big surprise
This side of Para—this side of Para—
this side of Paradise.

In Mr. James L. Ford's "Forty Years in the Literary Shop" is an engrossing account of Barnum's Museum, and of Hutchins, a ballyhoo man of those days. The tattooed man, Mr. Ford says, was labeled "Ninety thousand stabs and for every stab a tear." Perhaps Hutchins was the forerunner of the man we used to hear at Kohl & Middleton's Dime Museum, Chicago, in 1894. "Three thous-ind-a mahks tittooed upon this you-min-a body," he would say. "Every mahk a drop of blood and every drop of blood a tee-ah. . . . Mexican Frank, he jumps on brokin glahss with the bare feet!"

Kohl & Middleton's or the Globe was where Old Bob Wildhack used to hear the barker introduce "Me and Him, the Long and Short of it; Me, weighing eighty-five pounds and being six feet sevin inchis in-a heighth; and Him, weighing four hundrid and fiftah-foah pounds and being three feet and ten inches in height. They box. And those who have seen them say they are very ludicriss indeed."

Not to speak of Louis Agassiz Fuertes's "Messahs Zeemro and-a Millah, in feats of physical legerdemain upon the horizontill bars and the Japanese porch."

Gotham Gleanings

—Lots of nice weather these days.

—Sidney Williams of Phila. is in town to-day.

—Gen. Diaz of Rome, It., Wednesdayed here.

—The social season has started again, people tell us.

—Bill Powell of Reading entertained at tea Wednes.

—Jerry Kern is back in Bronxville from Atlantic City.

—Chas. Chaplin of Los Angeles put in a busy wk. here.

—Chuck Towne called every few days last wk. Come again Chas.

—Miss Margaret Case of The Globe had a caller at her office one day last week.

—Jo Chase is receiving many encomiums for his elegant portrait work nowadays.

—Martin Sweeney of Saratoga Springs was here to see Avery Hopwood's show Tues. eve'g.

—Gotham Gleanings's window was washed Friday and we are able to announce that the bldg across Frankfort St. is brown stone.

—Clif Raymond and John McCutcheon have got a book called "Clifford & John's Almanack," full of information, pleasant comment, and pictures.

If we volunteer as a strike-breaker, we want to be a railroad conductor. Then we want to collect a ticket from a striking conductor, so that we can look at it and make him feel, although the ticket is good, that we are going to put him off the train. Conductors have been making us feel that way forty year, man and boy, and we are parched for revenge.

The Inarticulateness of Autumn Passion

I would sing you a song of the gold of the trees,
Of the tang of the fall that's afloat on the breeze;
And the red of the sumac that burns on the hill;
Of the lilt of the lark, and the murmuring rill.
I would sing all these things with a lyrical chant—
But I can't!

N. L. C.

If they ever invent a cannon that the gunner can fire from a distance of four thousand miles, our next branch of military service will be the artillery.

The next war may not be dictated, as suggested herein recently, but, as six contribs who have pondered on the news from Paris offer, it may be Red.

Indeed One Might

F. P. A.: In Michael Sadlier's diverting "Privilege," Richard asked Barbara when her wedding was to occur. "Very soon now," she replied. "It will be very quiet; almost inaudible." One might, if one cared to make allusion to the auriferousness of silence, refer to it, then, as a golden wedding.

TAB.

"The lonesome October"! And the trees have adopted the loose-leaf system.

F. P. A.

"IT SATISFIES!"

Books

By Percy Hammond

The author of "Vera" discovers for us a new recreation in life. Since infancy, perhaps, we have loved our fellow man and have been loved by him in return. We have borne his infirmities of character and appearance with patience, as he has ours, and even in our most human aspects we find in one another some heavenly particles. We know that to err is habitual, and if our closest pal performs upon us a nasty, rattish prank we forgive him for it, and turn to him the other cheek, in case he has left us another cheek to be turned.

Revenge is the most obsolete of the arts. The grudge went out with the duello, and vindictiveness is passé. We only bite our nails or stamp our feet in our bitterest moods of retaliation, and anger is the flabbiest of the sinews of the souls. From life's rosebed all we expect and all we get is an aromatic thorn. Having been taught to count ten before we lose our temper, we never lose it, and so existence becomes a monotonous dog-trot of complaisance.

However, in "Vera," which is by the mysterious author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," an outlet is provided for a wholesome and selfish hatred. In almost every page of the story you can take Mr. Wemyss by the throat and with pleasure choke him to death. He is so emphatically the meanest man in fiction that as you read about him you say to yourself: "We'll get him at the finish, damn him, and put him out of business." He is the apotheosis of human selfishness and egoism, a great parade of all the me-vices. He is a bit fat, a bit middle aged, cruel, vulgar, unknowing, bestial and self-satisfied. God, he believes, made him and no one else. As he proceeds upon his hostile and exasperating way you loathe him and are proud of it. "Where have I met this fellow or his like before?" you ask yourself, and you are afraid of the answer.

Wemyss is a London broker, who by the fell operation of circumstance becomes married to an ingenuous child. He first encounters her at her father's funeral, and capitalizes her grief into an ingenuous affection for him. He has a voluptuous admiration for her youth, her bobbed blond hair, her slim figure and for her feminine determination to be inferior to him. If she catches a cold he is infuriate. It is an abrasion of his rights. How dare she be ill when he desires her to be well! If she happens to be in her dressing room when, according to his schedule, she ought to be in the drawing room, he bawls her out. He bawls every one out, from Miss Entwhistle, his wife's aunt, to the timorous cook. "I am," he seems to be saying, "the meanest thing on the meanest of the planets, as Mr. Balfour has described it, and I its dominant figure."

As you read of him in "Vera" you can exercise your moribund hatred. You can concentrate in Wemyss all your dormant displeasures with the human race. In contemplating your plans for punishing Wemyss you regard Torquemada as a toy-maker, and you invent new punishments for this terrible person. The author lets him go unpenalized. After Wemyss has done everything to break the ordinances from Mount Sinai to the Boy Scouts, he finishes in comfort. He gets into bed with his little wife and gathers her to his breast. He has put her faithful aunt out into the cold night without her hat, and you, yourself, are cursing him at the top of your breath for being an incredible dastard. "Who's my very own baby?" he says, and his wife cuddles up to him sleepily and kisses him.

Vera, it should be explained, was Wemyss's first wife. After fifteen years of marriage she dropped from a window of his country house and was killed. The books in Vera's library were interesting to her successor. They were all works of travel, Baedeker's and South Sea Island stuff, suggesting a desire to get away from Wemyss. Jumping from a third-floor window was Vera's only exit, but Wemyss hated her for having thus disturbed the tranquillity of his life.

Lady authors, intent on merciless descriptions of the inflamed human male, often illustrate his animal embraces. Miss Edna Ferber, in "The Girls," for instance, describes Ben Getz's kiss upon the curious lips of Lottie in a way that may not be repeated in a review. She cursed that kiss as being "mucous." The author of "Vera" is less pathologic, if just as emphatic, when she causes Aunt Entwhistle to estimate Mr. Wemyss's labial caresses as "not vegetarian." At any rate, we who yearn to hate a fellow man and to enjoy all the pleasures of such an animosity will be pleased in a perusal of "Vera." It is an expert assembling and analysis of mankind in one of its familiar manifestations.

The purpose of "Vera," if any, is to prove that a man, no matter how much of an evil bounder, may find a nice, pretty woman to adore him and be faithful.

"Let the Roads Bargain"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The favoring of single classes and groups has gone much too far of late years in the United States. The present Administration is not entirely free from criticism in this respect. It is to be hoped that it will not disappoint the public in the strike crisis.

The roads have been depreciated and abused under government control. It amounted to the largest confiscation of private property perpetrated in recent years.

To turn back the roads and insist on a rate reduction, at the same time maintaining control of wage levels, is merest mockery.

Let the labor board be dissolved and let the roads bargain with the unions on a free and open basis, as any other business would be allowed to do. It is hardly a just, or perhaps legal, exercise of the police power to dictate to a carrier what it shall pay for services unless it can be shown clearly that the welfare of the state is affected.

If government interference is eliminated it is not to be feared that the unions are too weak to resist any really unequitable wage cut.

The matter should be settled now. If compromise is effected the present intolerable conditions will still exist and will surely come to issue later when the country can less afford to have them do so.

The country wants a fair deal for the roads and a showdown with railroad labor; not a further coddling and complicating of the situation with stop-gap legislative or pussyfoot administrative action.

G. L. C.

Rome, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1921.

Fox Hills Conditions

Mrs. Day, in Answer to Dr. Cobb, Reiterates Shortcomings

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Since you have published Dr. Cobb's challenge and denial of my charges in regard to Fox Hills Hospital, will you in fairness publish my reply?

As a citizen of one state, a taxpayer in several, a war worker of two years' volunteer service, advisory chairman of fourteen welfare committees that worked in Fox Hills, and a representative of various women's clubs, including the League of Women Voters, I believe I am entitled to full information on these questions as to what he whose salary we help to pay is doing with our money and our boys, wounded and disabled in the service of their country.

Ten out of thirty-six hospital reports on which compensation claims were based, reviewed and at first disallowed, were false—entirely too large a proportion—30 per cent—to be attributed to casual "error." They were not signed by any board of survey composed of three men, but by the ward physician and countersigned by the executive officer. The "errors" were not corrected after being called to the attention of those responsible for them. If that is not "willful error" what is it? Dr. Cobb refused to see or hear me when I tried to get the facts to him.

If it was not retaliation what was it that put a sick man with a gunshot wound, just up from an operation, into the mental ward the very day after he had testified at an American Legion hearing that he had been beaten up by an armed guard much larger than himself? Dr. Cobb would not even listen to his side of the affair, even after Dr. Barron justly sent him back to his own ward, with a normal mental rating. Further, Dr. Cobb, through Dr. Beggess, put this man, who had two citations for bravery in service, out of Fox Hills Hospital and forbade him ever to return to Fox Hills, even to see his friends. I have this written order in my possession.

Finally, I joyfully accept his challenge to find a 1,000-bed hospital for veterans. Surely he knows that $3,600,000 of the Congressional appropriation was recently spent by the government for a 1,200-bed, thirty-two acre hospital exclusively for ex-service men in the Bronx and that it will be ready to take in the 700 from Fox Hills and the 130 at Polyclinic by January 1, still leaving a margin of several extra beds.

MRS. LILLIAN PASCHAL DAY.

Leonia, N. J., Oct. 21, 1921.

It Might Be Worse

(From The Toledo Blade)

Every sheet of business paper in France is taxed. All checks must carry revenue stamps, all invoices, promissory notes, bills of lading and receipts. The Frenchman pays a special tax, in addition to postage, when he mails a postcard. He pays a 10 per cent tax on the total of his restaurant bill. If he bets at a racecourse, he gives the government 10 per cent of his wager. When he signs for his salary or his wages he gives up 25 centimes to his government. There are few things taxable in France which have been overlooked. However heavily our own representatives at Washington bear down upon us poor suffering taxpayers we can still take consolation in the fact that we live in America, not in France.